

OUR WAY AND THE BRITISH

Travelling Here and in England Compared.

BY CHARLES BATTLET LOOMIS.

NEWPORT-ON-TAY, Scotland, Oct. 21.—As soon as I can make out, we think the English very insular and opinionated because they will not admit that our ways are vastly preferable to their own and our nation a tremendous advance on England.

Most of us who live in or near New York are perfectly willing to admit that New York represents the quintessence of civilization; that if a man has the good fortune to be born in New York there is no need for him to travel because he never will find anything to compare with Manhattan—nor Brooklyn or The Bronx or Richmond, mind you, but just Manhattan—that the West has been hopelessly distanced and is still inhabited by a woolly race, and every morning he looks down with new contempt on all foreigners and provincials and thanks the Lord that he is not as insular and opinionated as the Englishman always is.

But he has only to travel to find out that the West they travel more comfortably than we do in the East; that they get more for their money in their train travel than we do and that as they travel more their ideas are broader and less provincial than ours.

And any open minded man is bound to admit, once he has travelled in England, that he can do so more comfortably for less money than he can do it anywhere in the States—yes they still persist in calling our country.

Let me show by two examples and thus settle the question forever.

We will suppose there are two young men of moderate means, the one a New Yorker who cannot afford Pullman cars, the other a Londoner who always travels third class.

The New Yorker wishes to take a little trip of a hundred miles out into the country. What happens?

The night before his contemplated departure he hunts up an expressman who perhaps has an office a mile or two away from the young man's house. I want to be perfectly fair in this statement. He tells the expressman to call next morning for his trunk and to carry it to the Grand Central Station. This the expressman agrees to do for 50 cents.

Next morning the expressman is very late in coming, and the young man frets and fumes for fear he has been forgotten. However, he reflects on how much better the express system of New York than any English system could be, and it is a great comfort to him. At last the expressman comes and the trunk is borne away, and the young man follows on a surface car, because a cab is out of the question on account of the expense.

What is the inevitable result? There is a blockade on the road and the young man again frets and fumes until he realizes how much worse it must be in England—and then he gets out and runs, arriving at the station hot and breathless.

After buying a ticket that costs him two and a half cents a mile he rushes to the baggage room, a long two blocks away in the great building, that he may check his trunk and thus relieve his mind of all thought of it. Has it come? Oh, no, it has not come. Will it come soon? The baggage man knows as little as he cares.

He frets and fumes until it happens to come into his mind that he has read that in England they have no checking system, and pay for the baggage. Englishmen check every other emotion and he is enabled to wait calmly until five minutes before train time, when the trunk comes, is almost demolished before his eyes by the careless expressman and upon his giving the baggage man a quarter tip he is assured that the bit of baggage will go out with the train and arrive with him.

He puts the check into his pocket and returning to the train gets the only seat left beside a gawky Englishman who has been drinking instead of bathing.

Just in front of him is a screaming and dirty baby who in the intervals between her peroxysms calls him papa, and behind him is a small boy who is questioning his mother incessantly on subjects in which our traveller is not interested.

Arrived at last at his destination, hot and dusty and cross and cindery, where is the trunk that was checked through? "Way down in the Grand Central Station, far, far away."

They took the tip and gave the check, but they didn't turn the trunk out. "It will do on the next train" is what they think down there.

Our friend is visiting people who are a little up in the world, just a little up in the world, and they have come for him and his trunk that contains his dress suit, but it is the next morning before he gets it and he will need his dress suit just as soon as it is time to dress for dinner.

There let us leave him. We are not concerned with his further troubles.

Let us now follow the experience of our young Londoner who is going away for a week end.

Does he spend the evening before his departure hunting up an expressman? No, because they don't have expressmen in London.

He can go to the "luggage in advance" man and have your trunk forwarded, but it will never occur to our English friend to do that. He goes to the theatre and whiles away his evening and next morning he chaps his egg calmly and eats his bacon with zest and swallows his coffee leisurely at a o'clock, having made up his mind to take the St. Pancras train at 9 o'clock to a place a hundred miles out.

Breakfast over, he goes to the front door of his lodging house and bails one of the boys who are always passing houses in London. Him he sends to the nearest standing to get a hansom cab.

The tip to the boy is a penny, and he executes his commission with promptness, and soon from the railings of the little park departs a London caddy and rattles up to the house of the young man in no time, his horse clicking off the distance at a rate of speed he is prepared to keep up by the hour if necessary.

"Is it a trunk, sir?"

"Yes, please get me box and drive me to St. Pancras."

"Very good, sir."

The trunk is placed on the top of the hansom in two shakes of a very young lamb's tail, and the Londoner enters the hansom

and is driven rapidly and by short cuts known only to drivers to St. Pancras.

There a porter will buy the young man's ticket, for which he pays two cents a mile, will place his trunk in the luggage van, having marked it for its destination, and will possibly find the young man a smoking compartment to himself in the fine, new corridor (aisled) train. And his tip for all this will be "thrupence," or at most sixpence. His journey to the station in the hansom costs but a matter of 90 cents, including the trunk.

He has perhaps tipped the driver sixpence for carrying his trunk downstairs, and he has been absolutely at his ease all the time.

He is now in a third-class smoking carriage with a comfortable seat in which he can loll back and look out of the window. There will be no squawking baby near him, for babies are not allowed in smoking carriages, or perhaps, I should say, that if they come, they do so at their own risk.

It may be that a woman will come in, one who loves to see men smoking, but the chances are that if travel is light he will have the compartment to himself and can sleep or smoke or look at the scenery to his heart's content. Every few minutes the guard will request the pleasure of gazing once more at his ticket, but that is a favor that is soon granted, and who would grudge a guard one of his few pleasures?

Up in the luggage van, just ahead, or perhaps just behind, the young man's trunk is safely travelling, and when he arrives at the station and finds his friends there to meet him a porter will convey the trunk to the carriage for a twopenny tip.

No worry, no delay, no Italian, no baby, no checking system.

Suppose I were in Buffalo and wished to go to Boston for a visit, eventually taking the steamer at New York for London. We will say that I have a large trunk that I wish to send to the steamer's hold from Buffalo.

I can send it by express without me at something under \$2, or if it is more, all the better. I am willing to admit it will probably go through all right.

But if I am in London and wish to go to Edinburgh on my way to Glasgow, whence I expect to sail to New York, and I wish to send my trunk to the steamer's hold, what do I do?

I paste a label on it, show my ticket at Edinburgh, and they send my trunk to Glasgow for sixpence, with a penny tip to the porter, and give me a receipt for it. In Chicago I leave four trunks in the station for two nights while I make a little detour with my suit case. On my taking them up again I have to pay 25 cents apiece per night for each trunk, or \$2.

In London I do the same thing, and it costs me just eighteen pence. As swindlers in England have much to learn.

Mind you, I am no Anglomaniac. I see many ways in which the Englishman could be brought nearer to our high standard of kindness and courtesy and political purity, but in the matter of making travel easy we are not in it, as I have shown so conclusively that it will be useless for anyone to attempt to controvert me.

I am an open minded, unprejudiced American, and what I say goes.

FIVE SHOTS TO KILL A HORSE.

Exhibition of Bad Marksmanship by a Policeman in Park Row.

A fine big bay draught horse attached to a delivery wagon belonging to an uptown dry goods firm was struck by a trolley car the other night on the New York entrance to the Brooklyn Bridge. One of the horse's hind legs was broken and the end of the bone protruded through the skin.

The horse was led over to the curb on the west side of Park row. News of the accident was telephoned to the firm's stable and a veterinary was sent to the scene. It was over half an hour before he arrived.

When the surgeon examined the horse's leg he found that the injury could not be remedied and that the horse would have to be shot. He did not have authority to give a policeman permission to shoot the horse. The only person who could do so was the superintendent of the stable.

When they telephoned to the stable to get the superintendent's permission it was found that the superintendent was out. The suffering horse was forced to wait another half hour before permission was telephoned downtown.

Then a policeman prepared to shoot the horse. A rope was tied to the animal's halter and a man held it to keep the horse's head steady. Then the policeman took a big blue steel revolver from his hip pocket. He examined the weapon carefully two or three times and then placed it to the horse's head.

Just when everybody held his breath in expectation of a shot which would snuff out the horse's life the cop pulled the gun down from the horse's head. Turning to the crowd, he said:

"Why don't ye people skidoo and give a man room to breathe?"

The crowd moved back for a few feet and then the cop went back to his job. Taking the revolver out of his pocket he placed the muzzle at the horse's head and pulled the trigger. The horse leaped into the air and then sank down on the asphalt pavement, where he kicked violently.

After the animal had quieted down a trifle the cop again fired a shot into the horse's head, but this time he missed, hitting the animal. Then a third shot was fired, followed by a fourth, but none of them did the business.

When the crowd saw this exhibition of bad marksmanship they began to make fun of the policeman. "Go get a bean shooter," cried one man. "You couldn't hit the side of a house with a pushball," and "Go get a job shooting holes in Swiss cheese," cried others.

The policeman's feelings seemed to be hurt. Turning to the crowd he cleared his voice and said:

"How do ye dubs expect a man to kill a horse w'ye all looking on?"

He fired his fifth and last shot into the animal's head, and this shot did the business. The horse after suffering almost two hours of pain dropped back on the asphalt dead. Then the crowd broke up and went on their way, but two men who had witnessed the proceedings stood and talked the matter over.

"Pretty poor shooting," said one.

"I agree with you," answered the second man. "When it takes a New York cop five shots to kill a horse, yes, it is pretty poor shooting."

SECOND WEEK OF

OUR ANNIVERSARY SALES

Art Needlework Novelties.

Third Floor.

Hand-embroidered Sheer Lawn Pillow Slips, oblong, square and heart-shaped; Pin Cushion Slips and Scarfs, embroidered in effective designs and finished with ruffles; also Pin Cushion Tops.

All Special values!
Pillow Slips, each, \$3.49 to \$4.09
Pin Cushion Slips, \$1.19 to \$1.79
Scarfs, each, \$4.24 to \$4.96
Pin Cushion Tops, 50c to \$1.09

POINT D'ESPRI DRESSER SETS, made over colored linings, finished with ruffles and daintily trimmed with satin ribbon 89c

HAND-EMBROIDERED RIBBON AND SILK EMBROIDERED PIN CUSHIONS, in floral designs, prettily trimmed with net ruffles and satin ribbon \$2.49 and \$2.97

For Men and Women Who Want Underwear That WON'T Shrink

First and Second Floor.

"Pescot" won't shrink. Peter Scott & Co., of Scotland, who manufacture "Pescot" and make it unshrinkable by a secret process, sell it to the trade under the most perfect guarantee. It is NOT an experiment. The best shops abroad have been selling it for years. This is its third season in Manhattan—the third season we have had exclusive sale of it.

The bulk of our stock of "Pescot" wear is made up of Men's and Children's Garments. We have only a limited quantity of "Pescot" wear for women—for those who do not object to the so-called "flat" undergarments. "Pescot" may be had in all wool or silk and wool mixed.

Men's Shirts and Drawers, \$2.98 to \$5.69.

Children's Vests and Pants, \$1.64 to \$3.29.

"MAYSKO" UNDERWEAR FOR WOMEN WON'T SHRINK. These are pure wool or silk and wool garments, made in Switzerland expressly for us. The "Maysko" line embraces Corset Covers, Vests, Combination Suits and Tights—the Vests, Suits and Corset Covers with long or short sleeves, high or low necks—the Tights in knee and ankle lengths. The prices range from:

\$1.29 for Low-neck, Sleeveless Vests to \$5.49 for

High-neck Long Sleeve Combination Suits.

Handkerchiefs

FOR MEN.

Pure Linen Unlaundered Hemstitched Handkerchiefs, with neat embroidered initial; six for 49c

Pure Linen Unlaundered Handkerchiefs, with large, open-work embroidered initial; each 12c

French Silk-and-Linen Handkerchiefs, finest quality; broken assortment create these greatly reduced prices:

Were 66c, each, reduced to 44c; were 89c, and \$1.19, now 66c, each.

Pure Linen Hemstitched Handkerchiefs, soft-finished; six for 59c

All linen Hemstitched Handkerchiefs, with hand-embroidered initials, four different styles, block, script, old English and open worked, each 23c

Finer qualities, six for \$1.98.

French Linen Hemstitched Handkerchiefs, hand hemstitched, hand-embroidered initials, each 46c

Finer qualities of the above, each 99c

Specials in the Basement:

A large assortment of Swiss Embroidered Handkerchiefs, splendid value at 12c

Table Linens

and Toweling.

First Floor.

FULL BLEACHED DAMASK, 64 inches wide; pretty designs; a yard, 49c

FULL BLEACHED DAMASK, 66 inches wide, extra heavy; a yard 59c

FULL BLEACHED DAMASK, 66 inches wide, heavy, beautifully finished; floral patterns; a yard 82c

ALL LINEN CRASH TOWELS, white with red border; 17 inches wide; a yard 10c

Other grades, a yard, 7c and 12c.

WHITE TURKISH TOWELS, with hemmed ends:

Size, 19x40-inch 21x45-inch

Each, 15c 21c

Size, 22x46-inch, 24c

TERRY BATH MATS, in various colorings:

Size, 22x37-inch 26x45-inch

Each, 39c 68c

Size, 28x51-inch, 94c

Complete Kitchen Outfits of Agate Nickel Steel Ware---\$7.92

EIGHTEEN useful utensils—FIRST QUALITY agate steel ware, packed in a neat case. Each set includes:

Tea Pot, Coffee Pot, Rice Boiler, Dish Pan, Cook Pot, Two Saucepans, Two Lipped Saucepans, Soap Dish, Ladle, Spoon, Skimmer, Colander, Tea Kettle, Pudding Pan and Two Fire Plates.

Other Specials in Housefurnishings.

Copper Punch Bowls, \$7.39 to \$16.24

Copper Punch Bowls on Stands, \$32.24 to \$33.24

Copper Wine Coolers, \$4.02 to \$6.96

Copper Steins, \$6.34 to \$14.38

Brass Five O'clock Tea Kettles, \$2.49 to \$5.24

CUTLERY IN THE BASEMENT.

Carving Knives and Forks, stag handles, 79c to \$1.96 pair.

Carving Knives and Forks, with celluloid handles, \$1.41 to \$2.39.

Three-piece Carving Sets, stag handles, \$1.83 to \$4.91.

Bird Carvers, stag handles, \$1.19 and \$1.58.

Knives and Forks, with cocobola handles, 47c. to 99c.

Butcher Knives, 21c. to 47c.

Beef Slicers, \$1.08 to \$1.41.

Poultry Shears, \$1.81 to \$2.72.

French Cook Knives, 28c. to 42c.

Butcher Knives, 21c. to 47c.

Beef Slicers, \$1.08 to \$1.41.

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Butcher Knives, 21c. to 47c.

49th Anniversary as a Department Store and The 4th Anniversary in Our New Building

(The Largest Establishment Under One Roof Devoted to Retailing.)

STOCKS WORTH OVER \$5,000,000 ARE INVOLVED.

The sales are planned along BROADEST LINES, and the underpricing affects HIGHEST CLASS IMPORTED GOODS as well as STAPLE DOMESTIC LINES—every day necessary.

R. H. Macy & Co.'s Attractions Are Their Low Prices.

Macy's

B'way at 6th Av. 34th to 35th St.

Ready---A New Shipment of Hand-Crocheted Turkish Laces

First Floor.

A LARGE shipment, the choicest assortment of patterns we have ever received from Constantinople. It embraces only the best grades of Turkish laces, in widths from 2 to 18 inches, at prices ranging from 19c to \$3.96 a yard

Special—Black Silk Net Top Laces, 6 to 12 inches wide, values up to \$1.40 a yard 48c, 69c, 83c

Anniversary Sale Attractions in Dining Room Furniture

Fourth Floor.

Sideboards, Buffets, Chairs, Tables and China Closets—special value to interest folks who plan partial or complete outfitting of dining rooms a bit in advance of the Thanksgiving feast.

GOLDEN OAK SIDEBOARDS.

At \$21.34—Half swell front; plate heavy carving.

At \$21.49—Full swell front; plate heavy carving.

At \$22.89—Concave and serpentine front; oval plate mirror.

At \$26.24—Concave and serpentine front; oval plate mirror.

At \$30.24—Plain front; selected stock; large mirror.

BUFFETS AND SERVING TABLES.

At \$24.24—Quartered Oak Serving Table, with undershell and one drawer.

At \$11.24—Quartered Oak Serving Table, with finish, with undershell and one drawer.

At \$9.74—Quartered Oak Serving Table, weathered finish, claw feet.

At \$21.74—Quartered Oak Buffet, mirror back, leaded glass doors.

At \$22.49—Quartered Oak Buffet, plain front, mirror back.

GOLDEN OAK DINING TABLES.

At \$11.67—Round Tables, 6 ft. long, with 4-inch fluted legs.

At \$11.89—Round Tables, 6 ft. long, with 4-inch claw foot legs.

At \$12.24—Round Tables, 6 ft. long, with 5-in. ball-foot legs.

At \$14.34—Round Tables, 6 ft. long, large pedestal centre, four heavy feet.

Dining Chairs.

At \$2.14—Solid Oak, full-boxed cane seats, French legs.

At \$2.79—Solid Oak, full-boxed seats, covered with genuine leather, French legs.

At \$3.96—Solid Quartered Oak, full boxed frame, slip seats, covered with genuine leather.

At \$12.74—Solid Golden Oak, bent glass ends.

At \$14.74—Solid Golden Oak, bent glass ends, quarter-mirror back.

At \$17.74—Solid Quartered Oak, full bent glass ends, carved top.

Women's Imported Undergarments

Second Floor.

FRENCH Hand made Underwear—single garments and sets—made of fine Nainsook, hand embroidered and daintily trimmed with laces and ribbon. All fashioned after American model undergarments—a fact interesting to women who find French model garments objectionable because fashioned less liberally than the American standard demands.

Night Gowns, \$3.49 and \$5.89

Chemises, \$2.24 and \$3.79

Drawers, \$2.29 and \$3.96

THREE GARMENT SETS—Night Gown, Chemise and Drawers; special

Finer Sets up to \$119.49

RAILWAY ON MONT BLANC.

Plans Perfection for Suspension Line, Chamounix to the Aiguille du Midi.

A serious project to build a suspension railway almost to the summit of Mont Blanc is reported from Geneva. A Swiss company has worked out the details of the plan and has secured the approval of the French Government. The same company is at present building a similar line to the summit of the Wetterhorn.

The new line is to run from the vale of Chamounix to the summit of the Aiguille du Midi, a pinnacle 12,800 feet high in the centre of the Mont Blanc group and adjoining the principal summit. According to the contract, an ordinary cable road is to continue the existing road from Chamoun